

The Sudan News

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Gattis Announces For Re-Election

In this issue of the Sudan News Roy L. Gattis makes announcement for re-election to the office of Tax Assessor of Lamb county.

During his incumbency of office Mr. Gattis has taken a direct interest in his duties, making a personal visit to the home of every tax payer living within the county boundaries for assessment purposes. Consequently, he has been able to obtain several thousand dollars' worth of additional property on his rendition rolls which hitherto had been escaping taxes. It is a noteworthy fact that the rendition of personal property during the past year was the largest in the history of this county, and this notwithstanding the large decrease of cattle and other livestock which was shipped out of the county owing to the influx of settlers taking up the ranch lands for homestead purposes.

When Mr. Gattis presented his assessment rolls to the County Commissioners they were accepted without a single correction. Also, when sent to Austin for final approval they were likewise promptly accepted. In fact, there has been no criticism of any kind regarding the work of Mr. Gattis while occupying the duties of this office, which fact is a glowing tribute to his integrity, business ability and efficiency in office.

Mr. Gattis has been a citizen of this county for nearly six years, living on his own farm about four miles east of Littlefield. He feels that on account of his past successful services he is the better qualified to take care of the duties of this office during another term, and, therefore, asks the favorable ballot of the qualified voters at the coming Democratic primary election.

Daniel For Re-Election

C. A. Daniel has instructed the News to announce him as a candidate for re-election to the office of County Commissioner. Mr. Daniel is a resident of Sudan, and therefore his interests are identified with those he serves. He doesn't only own property in town, but is equally well represented in the country, which, coupled with his experience and business ability, makes him a capable and desirable man for this office. Mr. Daniel devotes his time to the duties of his office, and is seeking another term on the merits of his work during his present incumbency. He tells us that he has many things in view that need to be attended to during the coming term, and stated that if re-elected would do his best to accomplish the many things that are needed in this precinct. The News asks for Mr. Daniel a careful consideration of his claims when the time for election comes around.

Notice Tax Payers

I will be in Sudan on Saturday, January 14th, 1928, to collect taxes and auto licenses. Please be prepared to pay cash for car tags, for I will not accept checks on car license.

Len Irvin,
Tax Collector.

FOR SALE—7 drawer Singer sewing machine, with electric motor.

Mrs. G. A. Foote.

Family Reunion

John A. Webb and family have been gone on a 12 day Christmas vacation returning Friday night at 10 o'clock. They attended the family reunion held at Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Vestal's, the parents of Mrs. John A. Webb, who live at Marlow, Okla. All of Mr. and Mrs. Vestal's children, grandchildren and great grandchildren were there Xmas Eve and Xmas Day for dinner.

On Christmas Day they had 44 for dinner; 3 children, 15 grandchildren, 9 great grandchildren, 2 sons-in-law, 1 daughter-in-law, the rest friends. The men folks all went hunting and had the finest kind of time. They had all kinds of candy, oranges, apples and nuts for their lunch. Santa was certainly good to the merry family reunion, who may never meet again!—By Flora Webb.

A report "maybe false."—It is reported that Mr. Adair Webb has bought a license, but not for his car. The surprising news came as Oscar Stone got married Christmas Day to one whom he knew back east. They are going to California, they say. Earl and Opal Myers, mother, brother and baby sister from below Cap Rock, spent Christmas with them. They were there for New Year's dinner, also.

Mr. Smith, who is working for Jeff Webb, returned lately from a Xmas trip near Childress, Tex.

Curtis Moore, Grover and Geo. Orain returned from a Xmas vacation (between Friday and Saturday) taken back east. George must have found Santa Claus for he got a wife while gone.

The news came to Sudan that Bud and Lollypop were to unite in marriage Xmas, but it seems to be a false report.

Flora Webb spent Saturday night with her cousin, Floy Webb, as they hadn't seen each other in almost 3 weeks. F.

According to reports all cold weather records for the past 29 years were shattered Sunday over most of the country. The lowest temperature ever recorded in the South, according to the Weather Bureau, was on February 12, 1899, and last Sunday, over most of the country, was the nearest approach to it. It is useless to say that the Panhandle did her part in the record breaking stunt.

Sam Isenborg, of Clovis, was attending to business matters in Sudan the first of the week in connection with his store here. James Courtney returned with him and will work in the store there for a while.

L. M. Cobb was taken suddenly ill while at his farm, near Sudan, Tuesday afternoon.

FOR SALE—Farming equipment and rent farm to purchaser. A. J. Pollard, 2 Miles West of Sudan, Tex.

Mr. F. P. Wilson had the misfortune of getting his left hand burned Monday night while working with an alcohol lamp. This came near being a serious accident, as Mr. Wilson was wearing a lumber jacket which caught fire in several places.

Miss Lela Williams, of Dallas, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. A. D. Linton.

Is Salvation Free?

Who doesn't recall the words of an old gospel hymn to the effect that "Salvation is free?" If it is, then the hymn writer showed a pretty keen knowledge of human nature, for the best way to interest some people is to offer them something for nothing. But the man who really secured salvation, even in the old days, proved it by taking the rubber band off his pocketbook and contributing for the benefit of others in need of it. We all agree that salvation is free, but the fact remains that money has to be paid out for coal to heat the church, for light to enable the congregation to read the hymn books, for the salary of the preacher. He must have a house to live in, food for his table, and a certain amount of clothing for his family.

It is a difficult matter to impress on some Littlefield people that, while salvation is free, it still takes money to keep a church going. It might not be necessary to give so many church suppers and bazars and all those things if every fellow who attends would make it a rule to assess himself as liberally for salvation as he does for luxuries and amusements. It doesn't matter if salvation is free, the fellow who would starve a preacher and a church has none of it. And the quicker he finds that out the better off he will be, both in this world and the one ahead of him. —Lamb County Leader.

Same here, Brother. It takes grace, grit and greenbacks to run a church, same as it does a newspaper, but the people don't seem to have found it out generally. At least if they have, their religion is not of the brand that causes them to "loosen up." There was a young man who went away sorrowful when Jesus "touched" his pocketbook, and that fellow's progeny today is as the "sand of the seashore." Abraham isn't in it with that fellow in replenishing the earth. The "cheerful givers" all seem to have died young, or gone to heaven in a whirl wind. We see people who say they are willing to give to the Lord, but insist on keeping and giving it to the Lord themselves when they see him. Of course they aim to beat the Lord out of the interest and principal. Money is a most "touchous" thing. We've seen many a "professed" Christian that would trust a woman with his heart but not with his pocketbook. Of course he has his idea as to which is of the most value. If religion ever gets on a strictly cash basis there will be many who will say, "go thy way for this time." There will be mighty little doin'.

Miss Faye Foote, who has been spending the holidays with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. G. A. Foote, returned to Lubbock, where she will resume her school work at the "Tech."

Ralph Snyder, of Muleshoe, was attending to business matters in Sudan Saturday.

Miss Hazel Carter and Cris Stoffer motored to Littlefield Monday afternoon.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Dube Slate, of Amberst, a baby boy, Saturday.

Little Dorothy Ann Hargrove has been ill this week but is much better at this time.

Sheriff Gets Man After 30 Days Chase

One O'Bannon was arrested here by Sheriff Len Irvin Wednesday on complaint from Mr. Chisholm, who had lost a valuable overcoat some thirty days ago, and after diligent search for more than thirty days, the Sheriff got his man and the overcoat. The coat was returned to its owner and the prisoner was lodged in jail at Olton. Notwithstanding the Sheriff was suffering from the misfortune of getting both hands severely burned by a gas explosion recently, he was deterred not in the discharge of his duties. If all officers were as persistent and tireless in running down violators of the law as Sheriff Irvin has always proven himself to be, "the way of the transgressor would be hard" indeed. Would that every county in the State had such a Sheriff. Criminals never flatter themselves so much with the lenity of the sentence as they do with the hope of escape, so the efficient work of Sheriff Irvin in bringing in his "game" will have a very salutary effect.

Dissolution

The automobile firm here, heretofore conducted under the firm name of Cooper-Hutto Chevrolet Co., has been dissolved, Mr. Hutto purchasing the interest of Mr. Cooper. The business will be continued by Mr. Hutto in the future at the same place and with the same line of goods, and asks his friends and the public generally to remember him when in the market for anything in his line. Mr. Hutto is a man of sterling integrity and stands high in the estimation of our people. The News predicts for him success because he merits and deserves it.

Wayne Thrush spent the week end in Plainview with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Carpenter and little daughter, Evelyn, spent several days with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Carpenter, the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wells and Misses Aleen and Levada Raines were in Lubbock last week. Mr. and Mrs. Wells returned Monday and the girls returned Tuesday.

Miss Bertha Vereen is spending the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Vereen.

Master J. O. Barnett returned from Bangs Sunday, where he spent the holidays with his grand parents. He was accompanied home by Miss Eads, who also spent the holidays there.

Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Palmer, of Baileyboro, announce the birth of a baby girl on Dec. 31st.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Stark, west of town, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Edwards Monday.

W. O. Parrish and family spent Xmas in Hereford and Moran with relatives and friends.

Jim Parrish, of Moran, is visiting his son, W. O. Parrish and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Loyd and little son, Gean, were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Loyd, of Littlefield Sunday.

The Beautiful New Chevrolet

Wildfire enthusiasm kindled throughout the country last week when the new Chevrolet line for 1928 went on display took particular account of the many mechanical innovations embodied in the new car.

Thousands who viewed the new models noted that the wheelbase was increased and bodies made roomier and more beautiful, also that the mechanical features had been developed to a measure heretofore unknown in the low price class.

Outstanding developments in the engine and chassis that received widespread endorsement were the increased speed and power of the new car, easier steering, four wheel brakes of new design, shock absorber springs marking an advanced trend toward riding comfort, and smoother engine performance.

The last mentioned feature was achieved by the use of constant clearance alloy "in variable strut" pistons which make for smoother, more efficient motor performance. Further contributions toward this end were gained by raising the compression ratio and by stepping up the valve lifts. Through these changes maximum power is developed.

Other changes in the engine are the addition of a breathing system to eliminate the annoyance of engine fumes; a new two-port exhaust, and a silencing engine enclosure.

The four-wheel brakes are of non-locking design—the product of Chevrolet laboratories plus the facilities of General Motors laboratories and proving grounds. Front brakes are two-shoe unenergized internals, while the rear brakes are the energized external, self wrapping type. Front and rear brakes have been proportioned to prevent side drag or pull. Each brake has an individual adjustment at the wheels, while "stops" have been provided to make the adjustment process easy. Easy initial pedal application throws the front brakes into action. Further application throws front brakes harder into action and also brings the rear brakes into full play, so that it is possible to slide the rear wheels on dry pavement by using full pressure but not the front wheels.

The effect of this, according to Chevrolet engineers, is to get uniform wear on the brake lining.

The springs also are of extraordinary interest. Realizing that all uncomfortable spring action is the result of rebound after striking a bump, Chevrolet engineers set about to increase the friction of the springs and thus check the rebound.

This end was achieved by equipping the springs with special rebound checks.

Two checks are on each spring located half way between the center spring shackle and the spring end. These rebound checks are inverted bow shaped steel leaves assembled under high pressure against the top of the spring leaf, the ends pressing against the top of the leaf, increasing the resistance.

So much has the spring friction been increased by this new device that the car is said to ride 50 per cent better than with old type springs. The rebound checks also offer greater resistance to bumps.

Greater ease of steering was

All Happy Again

There was rejoicing Sunday evening last when all the teachers returned from their respective places of Christmas outing. It really was the happiest part of all the Christmas week, to be drifted apart and feel that touch of loneliness that comes when friends and dear ones part forever, then to be suddenly reunited and to know that we shall be and work together again. It is a beautiful sentiment between pupils and teachers and forcibly illustrates the power of association and good will, without which life would become a gloomy solitude. The little fellows are back in harness again and happy as formerly.

V. M. Jones spent the holidays at Winters with relatives.

C. A. Vereen, who formerly lived near Amberst, has moved southwest of Sudan.

Mrs. R. Briscoe left Sunday for Floydada where she will visit her mother.

Mrs. J. C. Briscoe and niece, Miss Levada Raines, were in Littlefield Monday.

Miss Stell Ledger returned to Lubbock Monday after spending the holidays with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Ledger.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Stark spent several days in Vernon last week.

Miss Lora, who spent the holidays with relatives at Petersburg, returned Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Broyles returned from Big Springs Monday where they visited Mrs. Broyles' mother, Mrs. J. C. Caldwell. W. D. Caldwell returned with them and will enter school here.

Mrs. L. T. Hunt and daughter who have been visiting relatives and friends at Hollis, returned the first of the week.

Pay an installment Plan. The New York Nursery and Child's hospital has devised a plan for welcoming the stork on the installment plan. Prospective mothers register in advance for reservations and pay \$7 or \$10 per month for seven months, according to whether a ward or private room is required. At the time of baby's arrival all is paid so that the family exchequer is not overtaxed at all once.

Condensed Music. Little Benjamin, aged four, had two pets—a canary and a cat. One unlucky day the door of the cage was left open and the cat was caught in the act of swallowing the last morsel of the poor bird. Little Benjamin gazed at the cat a few minutes in sorrowful meditation, and then suddenly asked: "Mamma, will pussie sing now?"

made possible by adopting a ball bearing worm and gear steering mechanism, including ball bearings in the steering knuckles, and by increasing the steering ratio from 8, to 9.5 to 1. The four inch increase in wheelbase contributes greatly to the riding quality of the car, with less pitching and better road holding ability.

The front axle has been enlarged and strengthened to accommodate the new brake attachment. A fan shroud has been added for more efficient cooling, and a host of other details combine to make the Chevrolet for 1928 the best performing, most efficient and dependable mechanical unit ever built by the company.

VELVETEEN GOOD STREET DRESS

Equally Appropriate for Student or Office Girl.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
Equally appropriate for the student at college or the girl who goes to an office every day, is this attractive costume of grayish green velveteen. Velveteen is a serviceable fabric, the bureau of home economics says. It is made of cotton, yet it is warm enough to wear until late in the fall without an extra wrap, and under an outer coat all winter. The dress illustrated is a two-piece model, and the coat is really the waist, for the tan blouse is only a vest. Corduroy, which is cotton fabric similar to velveteen but with a ribbed surface, might also have been used successfully in developing this costume.



Velveteen for Wear in Cold Weather.

Beige cotton poplin. Pongee might have been used. Light tan gloves, hose and purse, harmonize with the blouse. A brown leather belt with a pearl buckle consists of green machine stitching in mercerized cotton. Chain stitch was used. Pin tucks would also be effective.
The skirt is slightly full at the sides and back and has three plaits in front to give additional walking and sitting room. It is set on an underwaist of lawn. The costume is completed by a small black hat and black shoes.

CAKE FROSTING OR ICING EASILY MADE

Always Turns Out Well if Directions Followed.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
A cooked cake frosting or icing that always turns out well can be made very easily if the directions below, furnished by the bureau of home economics are carefully followed:

Vanilla Frosting.
1 cup granulated 1 egg white, sugar. Pinch of salt.
4 tablespoons cold 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, water.

Put the sugar, water, and unbeaten egg-white into the upper part of a double boiler. Have the water in the lower part boiling. Commence beating the mixture with a Dover egg beater at once and beat constantly while it cooks for about seven or eight minutes. It should then appear just like ordinary boiled frosting and should be almost thick enough for spreading. Take it from the stove and continue to beat about five minutes or until it has thickened. Add the vanilla. This is sufficient to ice a three-layer cake on the tops.

If the icing proves to be insufficiently cooked it may be placed in the double boiler and be recooked for a short time. Or if it is too stiff, add a small quantity of water and cook again.

For chocolate frosting melt two and half squares of unsweetened chocolate and pour into the above mixture just before removing it from the fire. Beat until thick and then spread. Vanilla is also used.

For caramel frosting caramelize half cupful of additional sugar, then add a few tablespoonfuls of boiling water. A thin dark sirup will result. Substitute about two tablespoonfuls of this sirup in place of two tablespoonfuls of water, or such an amount as will produce the desired flavor, and then continue as in making vanilla frosting, adding the vanilla last.

Bulletins for Mothers

Mothers of small children will be interested in some new bulletins concerning babies that can be secured by writing to the address given below.

What Builds Better Babies! Folder No. 4.
Diet for Mothers.
Sunlight for Babies, Folder No. 5.
Baby's Daily Time Card, Chart No. 14.

A chart of the daily schedules of babies from infancy to 24 months, also suggestions for training and diets.

Children's Bureau, United States Department of Labor, Washington, D. C.

FARM POULTRY

HATCHABILITY OF EGG INCREASED

Feeding and housing are the most important factors affecting hatchability of eggs but they are by no means the only ones, according to G. T. Klein, poultry specialist at the Kansas State Agricultural college. Hens or pullets that have been in long production do not give as high hatchability as birds that are increasing in production. The most desirable pullet breeders are those that have been hatched early and that have taken a rest period for a neck molt.

Alternating the male birds in breeding pens is often very conducive to better fertility. The poultry specialist advises from 15 to 20 females to one male in the light breeds and eight to ten females in the heavier breeds.

During cold weather it is best to gather eggs frequently. Temperature variations that occur in a heated room where the eggs may be kept are very injurious and in many cases the only reason for a poor hatch. A constant temperature of approximately 40 degrees Fahrenheit should be maintained.

Klein says it is not necessary to turn eggs while they are being held for hatching if they are placed in an egg case with the small end down. Hatchability decreases rapidly after the eggs have been kept ten days. Washing is injurious because it removes the "bloom" and causes a rapid evaporation during incubation. It will pay to candle the eggs before setting.

Breeding up a flock is not a difficult matter, maintains Mr. Klein. A small breeding pen of the choicest hens should be kept each year to supply cockerels for the general flock. These hens should be the best producers in the flock and those conforming most closely to standard type and color.

Whole Corn Superior to Cracked for Winter

Many poultrymen are becoming very much interested in the use of whole corn rather than cracked corn for winter feeding. There seems to be considerable evidence that the loss of corn heart and corn oil through cracking and holding is a real factor in feeding. Pullets do not readily take to whole corn—unless they are become accustomed to it when they are in the growing stage. It would be advisable to start with a small amount and gradually increase, so that practically the entire night feeding would be whole corn during late November, December and January—when the days are shortest and high egg production is most difficult to obtain.

Hens Earn More

Hens in the flocks of the 543 Ohio farmers who last year kept cost records in co-operation with the agricultural extension service of the Ohio State university, earned more for their owners in 1926 than in any years since the co-operative record keeping began. This report shows that the average hen in these 543 flocks paid its owner \$3.23 for labor and feed in 1926. In 1925 the labor income per bird was \$2.69; in 1924 it was \$2.50.

Poultry Items

It is best to treat pullets and place them in permanent quarters sometime before they begin laying, to avoid checking egg production by handling them.

Lots of us neglect the two big little things, lime and gravel. Finely ground limestone or crushed oyster shell will supply the first, and the hen must have it to make egg shells. As for the gravel, that's the hen's teeth.

Pullets cannot be expected to lay many winter eggs unless they are kept free from lice and mites. The lice may be destroyed by dipping the chickens into warm water containing one ounce of sodium fluoride to each gallon of water.

Colony houses for winter use in the northern states should be banked with manure or cornstalks.

Well fed and sheltered, the Barred Plymouth Rocks fully deserve the reputation they have so long sustained as the ideal, all-around fowl for the farm home.

The general-purpose American breeds are considered the best breeds for cupons—Wyandottes, Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island Reds and Orpingtons.

There's nothing a hen, with her simple tastes, enjoys more than a wallow in dust. It's her own remedy for body lice.

Capons will stand confinement very well, will grow quicker, put on weight faster, and will not consume much more feed than the average rooster.

Poultry keepers who have or can get bright third-cutting alfalfa hay or clean, bright alfalfa meal have a good winter substitute for green feed for the laying flock.

Community Building

Smaller Places Not Losing Their Ground

In view of the general impression that all the young folks are leaving the rural districts to go to the city, it is interesting to notice that the village still maintains its existence and shows no signs of disintegration. Through the country are scattered countless thousands of small towns, frequently located well in the interior and at a great distance from any sizable city at all. These were settled, or at least founded, a long time ago. It might be thought that since cities are constantly growing and devouring more and more territory these towns would be drained of population.

But instead of disappearing the average small town has calmly maintained its existence, not always growing rapidly, perhaps, but not losing ground, either. Now and then a new house goes up, or a new business opens its doors to local employees, or a new store brightens the main street with its attractive display. Some of the residents take up lives in the faraway city, but others move into the town. These may be either city people who are satisfying a lifelong wish to live in the country, or they may be farmers who have sold their acres and retired to spend their late years in the sociable atmosphere of the village.

So the life of the place is renewed, refreshed and invigorated.—Exchange.

Trees Require Care for Good Condition

There are so many decrepid, unkempt, battered and broken trees in all localities that people often wonder if it is really possible to keep trees in a thriving, vigorous condition. The old unsightly wrecks of trees are frequently a menace and an eyesore to the community. A tree that is not a thing of magnificent beauty is not worth having. And ordinarily there is little reason why trees should not be kept in good condition.

The principle of taking care of trees is the same as the principle involved in taking care of any other living thing. If attention is not given to defects, and diseases in youth, then it is certain that disintegration and early death will follow. Pretty much the same thing holds true with people. The expense of removing decayed areas from trees and installing necessary sectional concrete fillings in the cavities, and the cost of other measures that may be required to restore a tree to health and beauty, is necessarily greater if trees are left to decline almost to the point of death before help is given to them.—Chicago Post.

Look to Highways Now

In an article on highway construction the Mobile Register says: "Particularly should attention be given to wider highways in the original planning and construction of these highways, for it costs less to build a broad, convenient, safe roadway, in the first instance, than it costs to widen these highways after they have been built. That is especially true in the case of city streets where it often is necessary to rearrange buildings used for business purposes. It has cost some of the larger cities vast sums of money to widen streets answering the purpose of arterial thoroughfares, and where it is possible for communities to guard against these burdens it obviously is wise for them to do it."

Proper School Buildings

A project for teaching health through a study of school buildings, past and present, is suggested by Harriet Wedgwood in an article in Hygeia Magazine. Much can be learned about what constitutes a healthful environment by collecting information about school buildings and grounds and comparing the findings with accepted standards with respect to sanitation, heating, lighting, seating, cleanliness, water supply, drinking fountains, toilets and other features.

Land Value Governs

The less expensive the lot the more money is left for the house itself, and a well-constructed home on a cheap lot is far more desirable than an unsatisfactory house on an expensive lot. Although a house that is very much more expensive than its neighbors might be hard to sell at a good price, a very cheap house may add nothing at all to the sale value of an expensive lot.

Fosters Desire to Create

The desire to create, to fashion something with one's own hands, is unquestionably the foundation for much of the real accomplishment so characteristic of home-loving people, who more than ever are taking constructive interest in their surroundings.

Beauty Real Consideration

We are living nowadays in a world where beauty is a real consideration and the ideal to be striven for, and where color and design are recognized as contributing a most important element to the homes in which we live.

Feel Stiff and Achy?
To Be Well the Kidneys Must Thoroughly Eliminate Waste Poisons from the Blood.

DOES every day find you lame, stiff and achy? Do you feel tired and drowsy—suffer nagging backache, headache and dizzy spells? Are the kidney secretions scanty and burning in passage? Sluggish kidneys allow poisons to remain in the blood and upset the whole system. Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, increase the secretion of the kidneys and thus aid in the elimination of waste impurities. Doan's have established a nationwide reputation. Ask your neighbor!

Doan's Pills
A Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys
At all dealers, 60c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chemists, Buffalo, N. Y.

Silk From Cornstalks

Silky cloth, strong enough to be fashioned into clothing, is the latest product which the chemist's magic is extracting from those hitherto wasted by-products—cornstalks.

Samples of the fabric were exhibited recently by Dr. O. R. Sweeney, chief chemist of Iowa State college, with paper and lumber substitutes also made from cornstalks. In Popular Science Magazine, Doctor Sweeney describes adhesive, charcoal, solvents, embalming fluids and chemicals as other commodities which cornstalks might produce. He now estimates that a 100-acre field would yield enough stalks to net the farmer a profit of \$5,000, provided the farmer controlled the manufacturing.

Stole Flapper's Thunder

The present-day flapper who prides herself on using little more cloth for her dresses than for her handkerchiefs will be horrified to learn from "Modes and Manners of the Nineteenth Century" that their great-grandmothers went even further in out-leading Eve. "When the Nineteenth century opened, the Empire style," says this new book, "had reduced women's clothing to scantiness more complete than anything modern styles have yet attempted: little clinging frocks with low bodices and high waists which fitted their wearers like gloves and indeed were alleged to have been put on damp."

When in doubt listen to your wife.

Mother!
Child Gets Sick, Cross, Feverish if Constipated

Mother! Your child isn't naturally cross and peevish. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign the little stomach, liver and bowels need a cleansing at once.



When listless, pale, feverish, full of cold, breath bad, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, remember, a gentle liver and bowel cleansing should always be the first treatment given.

Nothing equals "California Fig Syrup" for children's ills; give a teaspoonful, and in a few hours all the foul waste, sour bile and fermenting food which is clogged in the bowels passes out of the system, and you have a well and playful child again. All children love this harmless, delicious, "fruity laxative," and it never fails to effect a good "inside cleansing." Directions for babies, children of all ages and grownups are plainly on the bottle.

Keep it handy in your home. A little given today saves a sick child tomorrow, but get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Fig Syrup," then see that it is made by "The California Fig Syrup Company."

Need More Hours in Day

The prophecy that it will be only a few years before the working day in great cities will be 24 hours, is made by an editorial writer in Barron's Financial Weekly. Night trucking, he points out, will be the start, but trucking in the large cities like New York, if carried on at night, means night work for many other businesses. Labor costs, he thinks, would raise, but this would be largely offset by the decrease in loss from slow transit.

Did She Tell?

"Lena," said little Laura to her big sister at breakfast, "did you tell daddy?"

"Tell daddy what?"

"Why, you told Mr. Willing last night if he kissed you again you'd tell daddy—and he did it again. I saw him!"

Denver is said to have the longest public golf course in the United States, measuring 6,707 yards in length.

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.—Ruskin.

LOVELY FABRICS TEMPT THE HOME SEWER



The Home Sewer Can Make Rapid Progress in Stitching Cotton Fabrics.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
Spring sewing is not the bugbear it used to be. For one thing, few people expect to settle down to a fortnight of hard labor, either with or without a dressmaker by the day, in order to outfit the feminine members of the family for the summer months. As early as January the new spring and summer materials begin to appear in the stores, and the average woman who has a normal love of attractive and appropriate warm weather clothing for herself and her daughters, gets into the habit of picking up a dress length whenever she sees a pattern that she likes.

There is a bewildering array of cotton fabrics from which to choose this year. Styles are simple, and most of these materials are easy to work with. The majority of them have a firm close weave and smooth finish, so that the home sewer can make rapid progress in cutting out and stitching up without much basting, or other time taking, fussy work. As fast as the new materials come home, they can be converted into pleasing dresses by utilizing odd hours. If you have a sewing machine, and a little sewing room, where you can leave half-finished work at short notice, and pick it up again when you have a bit of spare time, you will find that the spring wardrobe is completed as if by magic. Even a sewing corner in a

room used for other purposes is satisfactory, if you have nearby a closet or chest of drawers for materials and partly made garments.

A generous supply of easily laundered cotton summer dresses costs but little and adds immensely to comfort and a sense of well-being during the hot months. For morning wear, the bureau of home economics suggests some of the printed materials in cheerful patterns, like zephyrs, or percales, or any of the numerous varieties of gingham, or crepe, madras, broadcloth, or cotton suitings. All of these are practical and suitable for plain housework dresses, including the ever-useful bungalow aprons, and smocks; also for sports costumes or for business wear. The old idea that one couldn't go downtown on a hot day in a gingham or print dress has been abandoned.

Don't limit your cotton dresses to the mornings only. Look over the tempting array of sheer fabrics like voile, plain and printed; charmeuse, batiste, dimity in dainty flower patterns, lawn printed in small figures, dotted swiss, and tissue gingham. Afternoon dresses pretty enough for calling or for porch parties can be developed in any of these materials. For very special occasions and summer evenings, there is organdie in delicate pastel shades for the younger girls, dignified voiles, net, and lace for those of mature years.

DEMAND

BAYER

ASPIRIN

The whole world knows Aspirin as an effective antidote for pain. But it's just as important to know that there is only one genuine Bayer Aspirin. The name Bayer is on every tablet, and on the box. If it says Bayer, it's genuine; and if it doesn't, it is not! Headaches are dispelled by Bayer Aspirin. So are colds, and the pain that goes with them; even neuralgia, neuritis, and rheumatism promptly relieved. Get Bayer—at any drugstore—with proven directions.

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticester of Salicylicacid



TAKE STOCK

Among your possessions it's pretty safe to say you'll find a score of things no longer of any value to you but which some one else needs. This is particularly true of the farmer. Live stock, farm machinery, seed, anything you want to sell can be sold through a classified ad. You can buy through the want ad column, too. The cost of a classified ad is small.

The Sudan News

SHE WENT FROM BAD TO WORSE

Down to 98 Pounds—Finally Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Cleveland, Ohio.—"After having my first baby, I lost weight, no matter what I did. Then a doctor told me I would be better if I had another baby, which I did. But I got worse, was always sickly and went down to 98 pounds. My neighbor told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it helped her very much, so I tried it. After taking four bottles, I weigh 116 pounds. It has just done wonders for me and I can do my household work now without one bit of trouble."

—Mrs. M. RIESINGER, 10904 Nelson Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
If some good fairy should appear, and offer to grant your heart's desire, what would you choose? Wealth? Happiness? Health? That's the best gift. Health is riches that gold cannot buy and surely health is cause enough for happiness. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may be the good fairy who offers you better health.

Her Position
Madge—If you think Jack wants to marry you for your money, why don't you test him?
Marie—Well, there's an objection to that. You see, I might find out that he does, and what I really want to find out is that he doesn't.

UPSIDE DOWN CAKE
Put in a skillet, 1/2 C. Butter, 1 C. Brown Sugar, 1 C. Seeded Cherries, 1/2 C. Flour.
Cake Batter.
1/2 C. Butter, 1/2 C. Sugar, 1 Egg, 1/2 C. Milk, 1/4 level tsp. Calumet Baking Powder, 1/4 C. Flour.
Mix as for any cake and pour in skillet over the above mixture. Bake 20 minutes in moderate oven.

When a boy's voice becomes bass, he thinks smoking a cigar makes it more so.

Drink Water to Help Wash Out Kidney Poison

If Your Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers You, Begin Taking Salts

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salts which helps to remove the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active. Drink lots of good water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they are no longer a source of irritation, thus often relieving bladder weakness. Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, which everyone should take now and then to help keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this; also keep up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache.

A Different Matter
"Yur, now, you lop-eared, low-down cuss!" yelled Gap Johnson of Kumpus Ridge, "what in 'ornment d'ye mean by shooting at my dog?"
"I wasn't shooting at yore dog," answered a neighbor. "I was just taking a shot at yore brother-in-law over beyond the dog."
"Aw, that's all right, then. Come in and have a dram. Looks sorter like rain, don't it?"—Kansas City Star.

Stripped to His Hide
"So Bill's been speculating in the stock market. Was he a bear operator?"
"Well, he was practically bare when they got through with him."

Overnight End Colds

Stop a cold before it stops you. Take HILL'S Cascara-Ermodo-Quinine. Stops the cold, checks the fever, opens the bowels, tones the system. Insist on HILL'S. Red box, 30c. All druggists.

HILL'S
Cascara - Ermodo - Quinine

THE OLD DOCTOR'S WIFE

(By D. J. Walsh.)

UP IN the old doctor's library, kept with loving care just as he left it when he went on the long journey ten years before, crouched an old woman, with gentle but haggard face. More than one friend of the old doctor's wife had begged her to spend the day with them, thinking to save her some of the anguish of the sale. But the old woman was positive in her refusal. She must stay at home, she said, to see that no harm came to any of the treasures and to bid them good-by and to know into whose care they were going.

"Going—going!" called the auctioneer. "Why, gentlemen, it's ridiculous! That desk is worth \$40, if it's worth a cent. Offer something in reason."
"Five dollars," said a voice in the doorway.
"Five dollars and ten cents," rasped a harsh voice quickly.
The old woman shivered. She had heard that rasping voice many times during the day, from one room to another, and now it had come to the doctor's loved library, where she was crouching. Giles Cady in his very young days had entered her husband's employ as office boy, then had studied medicine with him and finally been taken into partnership. In those days Doctor Brooks had been considered very well-to-do, and Giles Cady had nothing. Giles Cady was now well-to-do, and it was he who was closing out the doctor's wife under a mortgage for some money the doctor had borrowed.

"Going—going," repeated the auctioneer; "going—"
"Six dollars," from the doorway.
"Six—ten," rasped Giles.
A quick step came up the stairs and along the hall into the library and its owner glanced around. Then he walked straight to the old doctor's wife.

"I reached town only an hour ago, Mrs. Brooks," he said in a low voice, "and just heard. I came straight here. I'm sorry. Isn't there something I can do?"
"Not a thing, Harry," smiled the old woman, the tenderness returning to her eyes. "Just your coming has made me feel better. The doctor loved his young people, as he called them, and you were one of his favorites."
"He saved my life when I had that fever," said the young man in a troubled voice. "He sat up with me at least half a dozen nights in succession. I wish I could—"
"Going—going—going," singsonged the auctioneer. "Why, gentlemen!"
"Six—fifty," from the doorway.
"Six—sixty," snapped Giles.
"Twenty-five dollars," called the young man sharply.

All in the room turned quickly. The auctioneer smiled. Giles glared. "Twenty-five—ten," he yelled.
"Thirty."
Giles stamped across the room. "What do you mean, sir—what do you mean?" he spluttered.
"Why, that I may get the desk, of course. What did you mean by bidding against the others? You wanted the desk, too, of course. It's really a very valuable article. I believe the doctor was your benefactor, though, so naturally you want it."
Giles half opened his mouth, as though to make some angry retort. But the room was watching and he forced a sickly smile to his face and turned away.
"Thirty—ten," he muttered.
"Thirty—five."
"Thirty—five—ten."

The young man looked at his companion with an amused smile, in which was wonder at the manner of his competitor's bidding. Giles' reputation did not lean that way.
"Forty."
"Forty—ten."
"Forty—five."
"Forty—five—ten."
The young man looked at his companion with an amused smile, in which was wonder at the manner of his competitor's bidding. Giles' reputation did not lean that way.
"Forty."
"Forty—ten."
"Forty—five."
"Forty—five—ten."

The room's amusement had changed to amazement. What did it mean? There evidently was something behind it all, for Giles was not a man to throw away even a cent.
"Fifty."
"Fifty—ten," whispered Mrs. Brooks. "You've goaded him far enough. The desk is invaluable to me, but couldn't be to Giles. I don't understand."
Harry nodded, and when the savage "Fifty—ten" came, remained silent.
At the "Going to Giles Cady," the new owner sprang forward and began to open drawers after drawer in his evident anxiety, seemingly forgetful of the onlookers. The old doctor's wife watched him curiously.
"Nothing there, Giles," she called, "except in the third drawer from the right, which has several of the doctor's letters. I meant to have taken them out, but neglected it. You may hand them to me now, as they are of no use to you."
"I bought the desk, which means everything about it," Giles retorted ungraciously.

He pulled out the third drawer and took from it several letters, which he examined carefully, opening and shaking them out and looking into the envelopes. Then he tossed them contemptuously to the old woman.
"Take 'em if you want 'em," he rasped. "They're no good."
He was beginning to recover his composure now that the desk seemed

to be empty. And, besides, he was becoming conscious of the curious and even suspicious glances of those around. He laughed constrainedly.

"Just looking to see if the drawers pull in and out easy," he muttered.
"I'm sorry you can't find what you are looking for, Giles," spoke up the woman quietly. "I remember now that you came here right after my husband's death and insisted on searching the desk for some papers that belonged to you. I refused, because I haven't trusted you for a good many years, Giles. But I looked the desk through and there was nothing in it belonging to you. Several times since then you have tried to get into the room and once when you thought I was away. But, unfortunately, I happened to be sleeping in this very chair and awakened in time to frighten you off."

"I thought some of my papers were here and as you wouldn't give 'em up I meant to get 'em," rasped Giles doggedly. "The doctor must have burnt 'em when he destroyed a lot of his bills before he died. He always was a shiftless old fool that way."
"Stop!"
Giles quailed under the scorn of her voice.
"I don't want you to allude to my husband in any way, Giles," she went on. He made any—or, I mean, he tried to, and failed—and, in some way I do not understand, all the misfortunes have come through you, directly or indirectly. After the sale is over I suppose this house will belong to you and the instant it is legally so I shall go out and I hope we shall not see each other again."

"With all my heart," grinned Giles, maliciously, "and I wish I had my money back so you could take this old box along."
The young man had been watching him keenly, with a curious light coming to his eyes.
"You don't want the desk?" he asked, with an appearance of carelessness.
"No, I don't," shortly. "I'd give a whole dollar to back out. I was just excited."
"All right," said the young man, looking toward the auctioneer. "I'll go the fifty and ten and take the desk. Now I want you to hold the auction a few minutes. I may be mistaken, but I believe there is something behind this. I have a friend who has a desk exactly like this, and he showed me a number of secret drawers about it. I have an idea this desk has the same secret receptacles."

He stepped toward the desk and at the same moment Giles Cady sprang forward.
"Don't you touch that desk," he threatened. "It's mine, and—"
"Hold this fellow back, some of you, for a few minutes," the young man requested.
The auctioneer stepped in front of Giles. "Better strand quiet a little while," he advised. "I'm working for you, I know, but you've been acting sort of funny, and folks won't stand too much, specially as everybody likes the old doctor's wife. Now you can go ahead," to the young man.

The young man slipped a hand in under one of the larger drawers and touched a spring somewhere, and instantly from what seemed solid wood a little drawer shot out. Giles saw it and his beady eyes began to blink with something that might have been apprehension.
In the drawer were several letters. The young man glanced at the outside of the envelopes and his eyes grew tender. He carried them to the old woman.
"They are yours," he said in a low voice, "written to the doctor before your marriage, I think."
He went back to the desk and again slipped his hand in behind somewhere, and another tiny drawer slid out filled with papers. The young man glanced over them rapidly and passed one to the auctioneer. Giles made a grab for it, but was pushed back by one of the strong hands of the auctioneer, while the other held up the paper. As he read it the auctioneer's lips pursed themselves into a white smile, and he strode to one of the windows, which was open. People below were carrying out some of the things they had purchased.
"Hi, there!" yelled the auctioneer, loudly. "Put everything back in its place. The whole auction's off." Then he went back into the room.
"W—what's the matter?" blustered the rasping voice of Giles, trembling in spite of his efforts at bravado. "What right have you to call my auction off?"
The auctioneer only granted contemptuously.
"Just this right, Giles," said the young man, sternly. "That paper I gave the auctioneer is your receipt and cancellation of the mortgage in full, so this house and all its contents belong to Mrs. Brooks. Besides all this, I have several papers here, receipts and other things which involve you pretty seriously, I should judge. Now, I know Mrs. Brooks wouldn't want to prosecute anybody, but I shall take this into my own hands, as the doctor's friend. However, I will compromise with her gentleness by giving you just twenty-four hours to make restitution of everything. You know what it all is without my explaining. Now go!"
Giles slunk from the room. The young man went to the old doctor's wife and took her hand.
"I am glad," he said, "more than I can tell at the way things are coming out."
"And I am glad, too," she returned, her eyes shining, "not so much for myself, for I shall be going to the doctor pretty soon. But he would rather have it this way."

Improved Uniform International Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. F. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
(©. 1927, by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for January 8
JESUS AND THE SICK

LESSON TEXT—Mark 1:21-45.
GOLDEN TEXT—He hath done all things well: He maketh both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus Makes Sick People Well.
JUNIOR TOPIC—John Welcomes and Baptizes Jesus.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Jesus Shows His Sympathy and Power.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Jesus' Power to Make Whole.

The purpose of Mark in this section is to show Jesus Christ the Divine Servant bearing God's message and clothed with the power to save lost souls. Coupled with His superhuman strength is revealed His unvaried sympathy, giving itself out in helpful and saving service.

1. Jesus Teaching With Authority (vv. 21, 22).
1. The place (v. 21).
It was in the synagogue in Capernaum where He with four disciples repaired "straightway" upon His entrance into the village. He availed Himself of the regular channel of instruction. Though many abuses had crept into the synagogue service, He chose to associate the new with the old order.
2. The time (v. 21).
His faithfulness in observing the Sabbath brought Him to the place where the people assembled to worship and to hear the Scriptures expounded. He came not to destroy but to fulfill the law, even the law of the Sabbath.

3. The Impression (v. 22).
The people were astonished. Two things about His teaching impressed the hearers.
The substance of His message. The scribes, the professional teachers of the law merely quoted the authorities, but Jesus with first-hand knowledge set forth the truth with the enthusiasm of freshness and personal conviction. This distinction was quickly detected by those who heard Him.
4. Jesus Conquering Demons (vv. 23-28).
1. The outcry of the demon-possessed man (v. 23).
Perhaps he interrupted Jesus while He was teaching. When the power of God is manifested there is bound to be an outcry of the evil spirits.
2. The demon's confession (v. 24).
"Thou art the Holy One of God." The one whose chief business it was to waste and destroy human life was in such miserable state as to desire to have nothing to do with Christ, and was now forced to confess Him as the Holy One.

3. Christ's attitude toward him (v. 25).
He asked and accepted no testimony from him, but sternly rebuked and cast out the foul spirit. He not only is Himself pure but is able to deliver others from impurity. Christ wastes confession only from pure lips.
4. The obedience of the demon (v. 26).
The spirit was reluctant to leave the man and malicious to the end, for he tore the man whom he had to leave. He had to acknowledge his defeat and went out in a howling rage.
5. The Impression made upon the people (vv. 27, 28).
The news of Christ's power spread rapidly over Galilee. The people were startled by two things:
(1) The new doctrine which He brought.
(2) His authority over demons.

III. Jesus Heals Peter's Mother-in-Law of Fever (vv. 29-31).
This scene lies in the home of one of the disciples. He went home with Simon and Andrew who told Him of the condition of Peter's mother-in-law. He came at once and lifted her up and the fever departed. She immediately ministered to Him.
IV. Jesus Ministering to Many (vv. 32-34).
Though the day was strenuous in its labors, He came unwearied even when the sun had set, to meet the needs of the multitudes who had gathered from all parts of the city. He healed many of their diseases, cast out demons, not allowing them to speak. The demons knew Him, but the poor, blind people knew Him not.

V. Jesus Cleansing a Leper (vv. 35-45).
As Jesus preached in the synagogues of Galilee and cast out demons, His power became known. A leper came to Him saying, "If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." Jesus put forth His hand and touched him, saying, "I will, be thou clean," and immediately the leprosy departed and he was cleansed.

Beauty of Bible Thoughts
I am of the opinion that the Bible contains more true sensibility, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence than can be collected from all other books in whatever age or language they may be written.—Sir William Jones.

Occupation
Absence of occupation is not rest; a mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.—Cowper.

Hot meals without work SHREDDED WHEAT

12 Ounces • 12 Biscuits

Help the whole family to better health Save yourself time and trouble Serve it with hot milk • MADE AT NIAGARA FALLS •

Modern-Day Tapestry Called Work of Art

Australia lost its most patient and painstaking man recently when San Salvador Alfred Case died in Melbourne. The monument to his perseverance was a piece of tapestry 6 feet 2 inches long and 5 feet wide, depicting Mary Queen of Scots mourning over the dying Douglas at the battle of Langside in 1558. Case worked into this tapestry 2,034,694 stitches. It took two years to make, and he spent from three to eight hours each day on the picture. As a work of art, the tapestry is outstanding, for although Case had no artistic training, the picture is said to be technically perfect. Colors were chosen and blended correctly. There are nine figures, two horses and a dog in the picture. The background consists of a tree, a castle and a battlefield. All the figures are lifelike—the look of anguish on the queen's face, the anxious attitude of the dog and the emotions of the others in the group are plainly discernible.

Nobel Prize Winners of All Nationalities

According to a report of the Nobel foundation its total funds now amount to nearly 31,000,000 crowns, or more than \$8,000,000. Beginning in 1901, Nobel prizes amounting to a total of between 13,000,000 and 14,000,000 crowns have been awarded. Of these 23 prizes went to medical men, 23 were awarded in chemistry, 32 in physics, 25 in literature and 28 for the promotion of peace. The recipients of prizes included 8 Germans, 24 Frenchmen, 20 Englishmen, 9 Swedes, 8 Americans, 7 Swiss; Hollanders and Danes, 6 each; Belgians, Norwegians, Italians and Austrians, 4 each; Spaniards, 3; Canadians, Poles and Russians, 2 each; Irish and Bengalese, 1 each. Of the peace prizes 6 went to France, 4 to Switzerland and 4 to America.

Eternally Wrong

"Pa had the last word in an argument with ma, as usual, last night."
"The last word as usual?"
"Yes, he apologized again."—Montreal Star.
Children's handkerchiefs often look hopeless when they come to the laundry. Wash with good soap, rinse in water blued with Red Cross Ball Blue.—Adv.
Sometimes there is a mine of good fellowship in a man with a bad reputation.
Smart people too often cause others to smart.—Forbes Magazine.
Children and fools are very apt to seize upon unanswerable arguments.

Her Preference

He—I worship the ground you walk on.
She—Never mind the ground; give me a little more attention.
Keep an umbrella with a missing handle; it's the only kind you can keep.
Old overcoat gets a third term, anyway. Two years is an overcoat's term.

Loosen Up That Cold With Musterole

Have Musterole handy when a cold starts. It has all of the advantages of grandmother's mustard plaster without the burn. You feel a warm tingle as the healing ointment penetrates the pores, then a soothing, cooling sensation and quick relief.
Made of pure oil of mustard and other simple ingredients, Musterole is recommended by many nurses and doctors. Try Musterole for bronchitis, sore throat, stiff neck, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, croup, asthma, neuralgia, congestion, pains and aches of the back or joints, sore muscles, sprains, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds of the chest. It may prevent pneumonia and "flu."



Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

For Pale, Delicate Women and Children. 60c

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 1-1928.

Knocked for a Goal

"How do so many boys get killed in football games?"
"They kick off."
Life, that ever needs forgiveness, has for its first duty to forgive.—Lytton.
When father would like to name son after some friend of his, that is son's middle name.
A mere fallen enemy may rise again, but the reconciled one is truly vanquished.—Schiller.
He who is able to hold his tongue is sure to sidetrack a lot of trouble.

WHAT IS YOUR BAKING PROBLEM?

Doesn't matter the slightest what it is—or how serious it is. You do not have to worry about it another minute, because Calumet will solve it—quickly and entirely. Order a can from your grocer—see how baking troubles disappear. One trial will prove it.

LESS THAN 1¢ PER BAKING

DOUBLE ACTING
MAKES BAKING EASIER

CALUMET

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BAKING POWDER

SALES 2 1/2 TIMES THOSE OF ANY OTHER BRAND

THE SUDAN NEWS

Entered as second class mail matter July 2, 1925 at the Postoffice at Sudan, Texas under the act of March 3, 1879.

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The Big Three

There are three big problems before consideration of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce at the present time, these three, perhaps, overshadowing numerous other projects also under the watchful eye of the organization.

The most discussed question of the day is that of West Texas and Texas water rights. Voicing sentiment of the West in disapproving priority rights claimed by South Texas, President Haynie has crystallized the West Texas attitude in these words: "Our position is that we, of this section, have the right to the water here whether we need it now or not. We have the right to conserve it for the future so we can use it when the need arises, so that we can protect the heritage of our children and theirs which is rightfully theirs."

Another vital problem before the West Texas Chamber and before the public attention at this time is that of assisting landowners in securing their land titles and mineral rights. In this regard Haynie states: "The West Texas Chamber of Commerce takes the position that the State having sold its land, and the legislature having relinquished fifteen-sixteenths of the mineral rights to the landowners, the landowners should have it. In the event the courts hold against the landowners, we demand that the state take proper steps to see that the land titles are validated."

The third consideration of the regional organization is development of quality production in poultry and dairying lines as well as in general agricultural work. A new bureau has recently been added to the chamber and a committee for this purpose is already functioning to promote constructive activity in this field. Special steps will be taken by the bureau during the new year.

Such were the facts divulged at a recent district meeting of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce by its head officials, one of whom stated that the membership and financial condition of the regional organization was at no time better. — West Texas Today.

Well, it's all over and we are in the midst of the new year. How are you holding out with that resolution? All right, we hope. Now let us all put our shoulder to the wheel and work to make 1928 the banner year for Sudan and country. Let us all work for the common good, then each shall get his prorate share of the prosperity. From what we can see and hear the new year makes a very propitious beginning, and it lays with us as to what its fruits shall be when it comes to its close. If you have made mistakes in 1927, which of course all have, try to avoid them this year and use them as stepping stones to better and more useful things. The wisest people make mistakes, but wise ones do not make the same ones over, but turn them to good account and soar higher still for having discovered and overcome their own weaknesses. So let's turn over the proverbial new leaf and go to it, and here's "at you" with the News.

Legislation Aiding Deportation Urged

The suspension of further restriction of immigration from countries which decline to accept al-

iens ordered to be deported from the United States or unreasonable delay in issuance of passports for those aliens whose allegiance was to their Governments is recommended by Secretary of Labor, Jas. J. Davis.

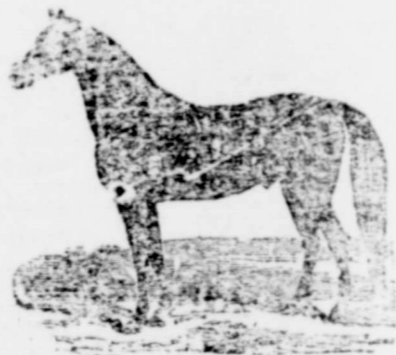
It is often the case, according to a statement by the Secretary, that even after an alien has been proven to be deportable—including criminal aliens and those who have become public charges—the United States is not always able to enforce the deportation order because of the refusal of foreign Governments to accept from this country aliens who should be deported to those countries, often declining the responsibility solely on the ground that by absence from the homeland the aliens have become expatriated. In all such cases it is pointed out that the alien has not acquired any other nationality; if he had, naturally the deportation order would be to the country of such alien's allegiance.

A Judgment?

The home of J. Frank Norris, of Fort Worth, was consumed by fire a few days ago and two members of his family narrowly escaped the flames. This preacher took the life of one of his fellow men some time ago, and if this holocaust is not a judgment it seems at least "quite a coincidence." No doubt for any one else in his category this would be considered a terrible judgment, a divine retribution, and he would be one of the first to take a great "text" on the subject and fill the country with his admonitions. You can put it down as a fixed fact that if a preacher will practice what he preaches and "shun the appearance of evil," it will not be necessary once in a million ages to take the life of his fellow man.

Lonesomeness

There is a loneliness deep down in almost every human heart. The rich, the poor, the strong, the weak—all are lonesome. The heart yearns for something that seems never to come. "Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining, and those who watch see time how slow it creeps." There are times when the very atmosphere seems charged with mystery, with menace, with terrible reminder of all loved things now lost. Hope seems to be about all we have left, and as to how we use this hope and how we build upon it, will depend our future. These are times that try men's souls, that winnows the chaff from the grain, that separates the dross from the gold. A strong heart always has cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs and how slight a thing may change the whole course of events. Build to hope and you acquire cheerfulness, and where there is cheerfulness one cannot be lonesome.



NEWS

You are hereby drafted as a reporter for the Sudan News. Tell us about yourself or any other farmer who has recently done something interesting. Others want to know about you. You want to know about others. Please fill in and return to News Editor.

Name

Address

Interesting project recently accomplished

Any other information of interest

Parsnip Has Double Growth.
A parsnip which extended its growth through the neck of a bottle, is among the garden freaks of the year. This unusual growth is reported from Ryde Isle of Wight, and it was a healthy specimen when displayed. It resembles a double parsnip in that from the surface down the parsnip grew to good proportions, then pointed a course through the neck of a broken bottle and again grew to fair proportions on the other side of the temporary obstruction.

Automobile Etiquette.
Authorities on etiquette agree that when a man and woman are riding together in a carriage or automobile the woman should be seated on the right. If the vehicle is not so placed that the woman, in stepping in, can easily move over to the right side, good form permits her to take her seat and allow the man to step across to his seat. Some authorities regard it as extreme for a man to walk to the left side of the car to enter. In case there is no door in attendance the man can close the door as he steps into the car.

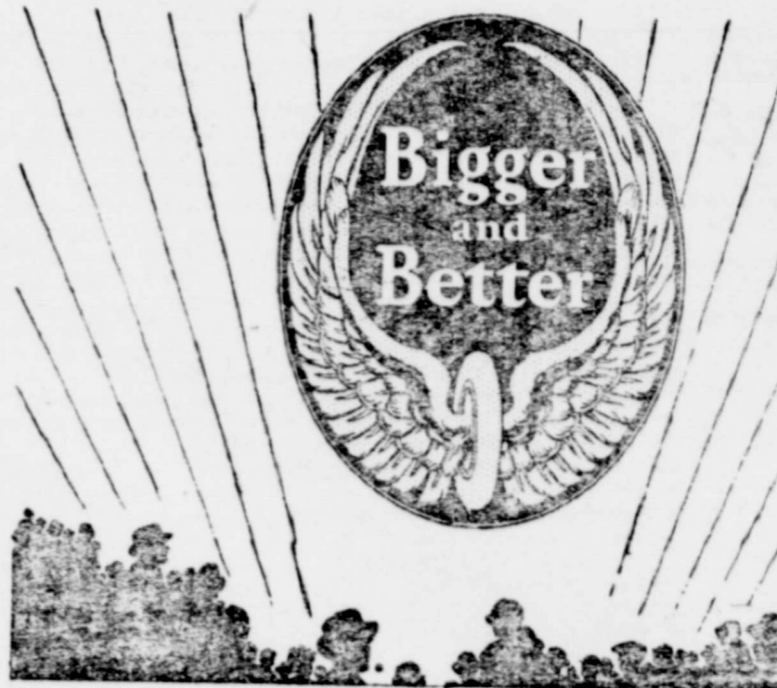
Acorn Alcohol.
Up to the present time no industrial use has been made of acorns, but recent experiments show that alcohol can be made from them. Shelled acorns contain about 40 per cent of starch, which can be readily saccharified and then converted into alcohol.

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The Touring	\$495
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Good Lumber

THE BAT

A Novel from the Play
By Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood

"The Bat," copyright, 1920, by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood.

WNU Service

CHAPTER XI—Continued

Bailey swung in through the window, panting a little from his exertions.

"The man Lizzie saw drop from the skylight undoubtedly got to the roof from this window," he said. "It's quite easy."

Dale explained the situation to Jack.

"Aunt Cornelia thinks the money's still here."

Miss Cornelia snorted.

"I know it's here." She started to open the closets, one after the other, beginning at the left. Bailey saw that she was doing and began to help her.

Miss Cornelia rattled the knob of a closet by the other wall.

"This one is locked—and the key's gone," she announced. A new flicker of interest grew in the eyes of the Unknown. Lizzie glanced away from him, terrified.

Miss Cornelia pondered.

"It may be locked from the inside—I'll soon find out." She took a wire hairpin from her hair and pushed it through the keyhole. But there was no key on the other side; the hairpin went through without obstruction. Repeated efforts to jerk the door open failed. And finally Miss Cornelia brought herself of a key from the other closet doors.

Dale and Lizzie on one side—Bailey on the other—collected the keys of the other closets from their locks while Miss Cornelia stared at the one whose doors were closed as if she would force its secret from it with her eyes. The Unknown had been so quiet during the last few minutes, that, unconsciously, the others had ceased to pay much attention to him, except the casual attention one devotes to a piece of furniture. Even Lizzie's eyes were now fixed on the locked closet. And the Unknown himself was the first to notice this.

At once his expression altered to one of cunning—cautiously, with infinite patience, he began to inch his chair over toward the wicker clothes-hamper.

At last, he was within reach of the revolver. His hand shot out in one swift sinuous thrust—clutched the weapon—withdraw. He then concealed the revolver among his tattered garments as best he could and, cautiously as before, inched his chair back again to its original position.

"There—that unlocked it!" cried Miss Cornelia, triumphantly, at last, as the key to one of the other closet doors slid smoothly into the lock and she heard the click that meant victory.

She was about to throw open the closet door. But Bailey motioned her back.

"I'd keep back a little," he cautioned. "You don't know what may be inside."

"Mercy sakes, who wants to know?" shivered Lizzie. Dale and Miss Cornelia, too, stepped aside involuntarily as Bailey took the candle and prepared, with a good deal of caution, to open the closet door.

The door swung open at last. He could look in. He did so—and stared appalled at what he saw, while goose-flesh crawled on his spine and the hairs of his head stood up.

After a moment he closed the door of the closet again, and turned back, white-faced, to the others.

"What is it?" said Dale, agast.

"What did you see?"

Bailey found himself unable to answer for a moment. Then he pulled himself together. He turned to Miss Van Gorder.

"Miss Cornelia, I think we have found the ghost the Jap butler saw," he said slowly. "How are your nerves?"

Miss Cornelia extended a hand that did not tremble.

"Give me the candle."

He did so. She went to the closet and opened the door.

Huddled on the floor of the closet was the body of a man. So crudely had he been crammed into this hiding-place that he lay twisted and bent.

Miss Cornelia's voice sounded strange to her own ears when finally she spoke.

"But who is it?"

"It is—or was—Courtleigh Fleming," said Bailey dully.

"But how can it be? Mr. Fleming died two weeks ago. I—"

"He died in this house, sometime tonight. The body is still warm."

"But who killed him? The Bat?"

"Isn't it likely that the doctor did it? The man who has been his accomplice all along? Who probably bought a cadaver out West and buried it with honors here not long ago?"

But Miss Cornelia's face was still thoughtful, and he went on:

"Isn't it clear, Miss Van Gorder?" he queried, with a smile. "The doctor and old Mr. Fleming formed a conspiracy—both needed money—lots of it. Fleming was to rob the bank and hide the money here. Wells' part was to issue a false death certificate in the West, and bury a substitute body. Secured God knows how. It was easy—it kept the name of the president

of the Union bank free from suspicion—and it put the blame on me."

He paused, thinking it out.

"Only they slipped up in one place. Dick Fleming leased the house to you and they couldn't get it back."

"Then you are sure," said Miss Cornelia quickly, "that tonight Courtleigh Fleming broke in, with the doctor's assistance—and that he killed Dick, his own nephew, from the staircase?"

"Aren't you?" asked Bailey, surprised. The more he thought of it, the less clearly could he visualize it any other way.

Miss Cornelia shook her head decidedly.

"No."

"Wells tried to get out of the house tonight with that blue-print. Why? Because he knew the moment we got it, we'd come up here—and Fleming was here."

"Perfectly true," nodded Miss Cornelia. "And then?"

"Old Fleming killed Dick and Wells killed Fleming," said Bailey succinctly. "You can't get away from it!"

But Miss Cornelia still shook her head.

"No," she said. "No. The doctor isn't a murderer. He's as puzzled as we are about some things. He and Courtleigh Fleming were working together—but remember this—Doctor Wells was locked in the living room with us. He'd been trying to get up the stairs all evening—and failed every time."

"But Bailey was as convinced of the truth of his theory as she of hers."

"He was here ten minutes ago—locked in this room," he said with a glance at the window-ladder up which the doctor had ascended.

"I'll grant you that," said Miss Cornelia. "But—"

She thought back swiftly. "But at the same time an Unknown Masked Man was locked in that mantel-room with Dale. The doctor put out the candle when you opened that hidden room. Why? Because he thought Courtleigh Fleming was hiding there!" Now the missing pieces of her puzzle were falling into their places with a vengeance. "But at this moment," she continued, "the doctor believes that Fleming has made his escape! No—we haven't solved the mystery yet—there's another element—an unknown element," her eyes rested for a moment upon the Unknown. "And that element is—the Bat!"

She paused, impressively. The others stared at her—no longer able to deny the sinister plausibility of her theory. But this new tangling of the mystery, just when the black threads seemed unraveled out at last, was almost too much for Dale.

"Oh, call the detective!" she stammered, on the verge of hysterical tears. "Let's get through with this thing! I can't bear any more!"

But Miss Cornelia did not even hear her. Her mind, strung now to concert pitch, had harked back to the point it had reached some time ago, and which all the recent distractions had momentarily obliterated.

Had the money been taken out of the house, or had it not? In that mad rush for escape of the man hidden with Dale in the recess back of the mantel, had he carried with him his booty, or left it behind? It was not in the hidden room, that was certain.

Yet she was so hopeless by that time that her first search was purely perfunctory.

It was when Bailey finally opened the lid of a clothes-hamper that they stumbled on their first clue.

"Nothing here but some clothes and books," he said, glancing inside.

"Books?" said Miss Cornelia dubiously. "I left no books in that hamper."

Bailey picked up one of the cheap paper novels and read its title aloud, with a wry smile.

"'Little Rosebud's Lover, or the Cruel Revenge,' by Laura Jean—"

"That's mine!" said Lizzie promptly. "Oh, Miss Nelly, I tell you this house is haunted. I left that book in my satchel, along with 'Wedded but No Wife' and now—"

"Isn't that your satchel, Lizzie?" asked Miss Cornelia, indicating a battered bag in a dark corner of shadows above the window.

Lizzie approached it gingerly.

"Yes'm," she admitted. But she did not dare approach very close to the recovered bag. It might bite her!"

Miss Cornelia started for the satchel. Then she remembered. She turned to Bailey.

"You open it," she said graciously.

"If the money's there—you're the one who ought to find it."

Bailey gave her a look of gratitude. Then, smiling at Dale encouragingly, he crossed over to the satchel, Dale at his heels. Miss Cornelia watched him fumble at the catch of the bag—even Lizzie drew closer. For a moment even the Unknown was forgotten.

Bailey gave a triumphant cry.

"The money's here!"

"Oh, thank God!" sobbed Dale.

It was an emotional moment. It seemed to have penetrated even through the haze enveloping the injured man in his chair. Slowly he got up, like a man who has been waiting

for his moment, and now that it had come was in no hurry about it. With equal deliberation he drew the revolver and took a step forward. And at that instant a red glare appeared outside the open window, and overhead could be heard the feet of searchers, running.

"Fire!" screamed Lizzie, pointing to the window, even as Beresford's voice from the roof rang out in a shout. "The garage is burning!"

They turned toward the door, to escape, but a strange and menacing figure blocked the way.

It was the Unknown—no longer the bewildered stranger who had stumbled in through the living-room door—but a man with every faculty of mind and body alert and the light of a deadly purpose in his eyes. He covered the group with Miss Cornelia's revolver.

"This door is locked and the key is in my pocket!" he said in a savage voice, as the red light at the window grew more vivid yet and muffled cries and trappings from overhead betokened universal confusion and alarm.

CHAPTER XII

"He Is—the Bat!"

Lizzie opened her mouth to scream. But for once she did not carry out her purpose.

"Not a sound out of you!" warned the Unknown, brutally, almost jabbing the revolver into her ribs. He wheeled on Bailey.

"Close that satchel," he commanded, "and put it back where you found it!"

Bailey's fist closed. He took a step toward his captor.

"You—" he began in a furious voice. But the steely glint in the eyes of the



Bailey Picked Up One of the Cheap Paper Novels.

Unknown was enough to give any man pause.

"Jack!" pleaded Dale. Bailey halted.

"Do what he tells you!" Miss Cornelia insisted, her voice shaking.

A brave man may be willing to fight with odds a hundred to one—but only a fool will rush on certain death. Reluctantly, dejectedly, Bailey obeyed—stuffed the money back in the satchel and replaced the latter in its corner of shadows near the window.

He watched the Unknown intently. One moment of relaxed vigilance and—But though the Unknown was unlocking the door with his left hand—the revolver in his right hand was as steady as a rock. He seemed to listen for a moment at the crack of the door.

"Not a sound, if you value your

French Dandies First to Sport the Cravat

One of the few words of Slavonic origin that does not retain its exotic flavor is cravat. The linen scarfs worn around their necks by Croatian merchants captivated the fancy of the fashionable French, who adopted the French word for Croatian to designate this kind of neckwear. Thus "croate" became "crovate" or "cravate," from whence our word "cravat."

The word was adopted in France in 1636 and appears in English about 1700. Its synonym, necktie, is of later origin, its first use as cited by the Oxford dictionary being 1838.

Cravats when first introduced were not exclusively an article of men's apparel, but some, which were laced and tied in a bow with flowing ends, were worn by women. "Cravat-

Bird Has Multiplied

The English sparrow was brought to the United States from England in 1850 by Nicholas Pike and other directors of the Brooklyn Institute, when eight pairs were liberated in Brooklyn, N. Y. The motive was to free the shade trees of devastating caterpillars, which at that time were especially numerous and annoying throughout the eastern states.

lives!" he warned again. He shepherded them away from the direction of the window with his revolver.

"In a moment or two," he said in a hushed, taut voice, "a man will come into this room, either through the door or by that window—the man who started the fire to draw you out of this house."

Bailey threw aside all pride in his concern for Dale's safety.

"For God's sake, don't keep these women here!" he pleaded, in low, tense tones.

The Unknown seemed to tower above him like a destroying angel.

"Keep them here where we can watch them!" he whispered with fierce impatience. "Don't you understand? There's a killer loose!"

And so for a moment they stood there, waiting for they knew not what. So swift had been the transition from joy to deadly terror, and now to suspense, that only Miss Cornelia's agile brain seemed able to respond. And at first it did even that very slowly.

"I begin to understand," she said, in a low tone. "The man who struck you down and tied you in the garage—the man who killed Dick Fleming and stabbed that poor wretch in the closet—the man who locked us in, downstairs, and removed the money from that safe—the man who started that fire outside—is—"

"Sssh!" warned the Unknown, imperatively, as a sound from the direction of the window seemed to reach his ears. He ran quickly back to the corridor door and locked it.

"Stand back out of that light! The ladder!"

The top of the extension-ladder began to tremble. A black bulk stood clearly outlined against the diminishing red glow—the Bat, masked and sinister, on his last foray!

There was no sound as the killer stepped into the room. He waited for a second that seemed a year—still no sound. Then he turned cautiously toward the place where he had left the satchel—the beam of his flashlight picked it out.

In an instant the Unknown and Bailey were upon him. There was a short, ferocious struggle in the darkness—a gasp of laboring lungs—the thud of fighting bodies clenched in a death-grapple.

"Get his gun!" muttered the Unknown hoarsely to Bailey, as he tore the Bat's lean hands away from his throat. "Got it?"

"Yes," gasped Bailey. He jabbed the muzzle against a straining back. The Bat ceased to struggle. Bailey stepped a little away.

"I've still got you covered!" he said fiercely. The Bat made no sound.

"Hold out your hands, Bat, while I put on the bracelets," commanded the Unknown in tones of terse triumph. He snapped the steel cuffs on the wrists of the murderous prowler. "Sometimes even the cleverest Bat comes through a window at night and is caught. Double murder—burglary—and arson! That's a good night's work even for you, Bat!"

He switched his flashlight on the Bat's masked face. As he did so the house lights came on—the electric light company had at last remembered its duties. All blinked for an instant in the sudden illumination.

"Take off that handkerchief!" barked the Unknown, motioning at the black silk handkerchief that still hid the face of the Bat from recognition. Bailey stripped it from the haggard, desperate features with a quick movement—and stood appalled.

A simultaneous gasp went up from Dale and Miss Cornelia.

It was Anderson, the detective! And he was—the Bat!

"It's Mr. Anderson!" stuttered Dale, agast at the discovery.

The Unknown glowered over his captive.

"I'm Anderson," he said. "This man has been impersonating me. You're a good actor, Bat, for a fellow that's such a bad actor!" he taunted. "How did you get the dope on this case? Did you tap the wires to headquarters?"

The Bat allowed himself a little sardonic smile.

"I'll tell you that when I—" he began, then, suddenly, made his last bid for freedom. With one swift, desperate movement, in spite of his handcuffs, he jerked the real Anderson's revolver from him by the barrel, then wheeling with lightning rapidity on Bailey, brought the butt of Anderson's revolver down on his wrist. Bailey's revolver fell to the floor with a clatter. The Bat swung toward the door. Again the tables were turned!

"Hands up, everybody!" he ordered, menacing the party with the stolen pistol. "Hands up—you!" as Miss Cornelia kept her hands at her sides.

It was the greatest moment of Miss Cornelia's life.

She smiled, sweetly, and came toward the Bat as if the pistol aimed at her heart were as innocuous as a toothbrush.

"Why?" she queried mildly. "I took the bullets out of that revolver two hours ago."

The Bat flung the revolver toward her with a curse. The real Anderson instantly snatched up the gun that Bailey had dropped and covered him.

"Don't move!" he warned, "or I'll fill you full of lead!" He smiled out of the corner of his mouth at Miss Cornelia, who was primly picking up the revolver that the Bat had flung at her—her own revolver.

"You see—you never know what a woman will do," he continued.

Miss Cornelia smiled. She broke open the revolver—five loaded shells fell from it to the floor. The Bat stared at her—then stared incredulously at the bullets.

"You see," she said, "I, too, have a little imagination!"

CHAPTER XIII

Quite a Collection.

An hour or so later, in the living room whose terrors had departed, Miss Cornelia, her niece and Jack Bailey were gathered before a roaring fire. The local police had come and gone; the bodies of Courtleigh Fleming and his nephew had been removed to the mortuary; Beresford had returned to his home, though under summons as a material witness; the Bat, under heavy guard, had gone off under charge of the detective. As for Doctor Wells, he, too, was under arrest, and a broken man though, considering the fact that Courtleigh Fleming had been throughout the prime mover in the conspiracy, he might escape with a comparatively light sentence.

Calmly and dispassionately Miss Cornelia worked out the cross-word puzzle of the evening and announced her results.

"It is all clear," she said. "Of course, the doctor had the blue-print. And the Bat tried to get it from him. Then when the doctor had stunned him and locked him in the billiard room, the Bat still had the key and unlocked his own handcuffs. After that he had only to get out of a window and shut us in here."

And again:

"He had probably trailed the real detective all the way from town and attacked him where Mr. Beresford found the watch."

Once, too, she harkened back to the anonymous letters.

"It must have been a blow to the doctor and Courtleigh Fleming, when they found me settled in the house!" She smiled grimly. "And when their letters failed to dislodge me."

But it was the Bat who held her interest; his daring assumption of the detective's identity, his searching of the house, ostensibly for their safety but in reality for the treasure, and that one moment of irresolution when he did not shoot the doctor at the top of the ladder. And thereafter lost his chance.

It somehow weakened her terrified admiration for him, but she had nothing but acclaim for the escape he had made from the hidden room itself.

"That took brains," she said. "Cold hard brains. To dash out of that room and down the stairs, pull off his mask and pick up a candle, and then to come calmly back to the trunk room again and accuse the doctor—that took real ability. But I dread to think what would have happened when he asked us all to go out and leave him alone with the real Anderson!"

When Lizzie came at last to coax and scold her into bed, she was sitting happily at the table, surrounded by divers small articles which she was handling with an almost childlike zest. A clipping about the Bat from the evening newspaper; a piece of paper on which was a well-defined finger-print; a revolver and a heap of five shells; a small, very dead, bat; the anonymous warnings, including the stone in which the last one had been wrapped; a battered and broken watch, somehow left behind; a dried and broken dinner roll, and the box of sedative powders brought by Doctor Wells.

Lizzie came over to the table and surveyed her grisly.

"You see, Lizzie, it's quite a collection. I'm going to take them and—"

But Lizzie bent over the table and picked up the box of powders.

"No, ma'am," she said, with extreme finality. "You are not. You are going to take these and go to bed."

And Miss Cornelia did.

[THE END.]



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Saving a duck from death in the breakers has figured for the first time in the history of the life guard force of Atlantic City, N. J. The duck, a fledgling pet of John L. Young, Jr., son of Captain Young, waddled out of its pen at the Young residence far out on the big pier, and tumbled into the water, twenty feet below. Stunned by its fall the duck was unable to swim, but life guards who heard the wails of the duck's small owner put out in a boat and saved the bird.

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Reggie Denny, the picture star, is English, but that doesn't deter him from telling good ones on his countrymen. One of his briefest and best is: "Eip, 'elp! A bald-headed man over 'ere has fainted."
"Give him hair! Give him hair!"

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For Colds, Grip or Influenza

and as a Preventive, take **Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets**. A Safe and Proven Remedy. The box bears the signature of E. W. Grove. 30c.—Adv.

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"I can sell you a sad novel," responded the resourceful train boy.

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As many people do what they are told not to, as do what they are told.

Many a train of thought should participate in a head-end collision.

Money counts in case of disaster.

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Step into any drug store and ask for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in tablets or liquid, or send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial pkg. of tablets and write for free advice.

Flu, Colds
SWAMP
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No Evolution As To Facts

Truth does not change! Styles, customs, ways and means of doing business may vary with the passing of time, but, after all, soundness, safety, conservatism and common sense are vital to success, just as always.

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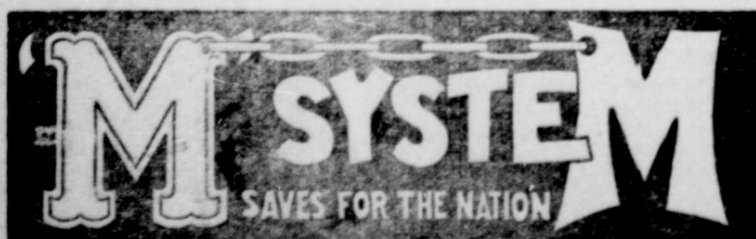
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DAIRY FACTS

BACTERIAL COUNT IN MILK PLANTS

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In an effort to help the average milk-plant operator locate the causes of sudden "hops" in the bacterial content of bottled milk, Ernest Kelly, in charge of market milk investigations, bureau of dairy industry, United States Department of Agriculture, is conducting a study of at least 100 representative plants. It is important that the count be kept as low as possible, and although increases during handling may be relatively small it is of considerable help to the plant operator to know where and why any sudden increases are likely to take place.

Data secured from 20 plants studied to date show that certain operations in the plant, such as sterilization of equipment and storage, are more apt to be slighted than others, and that noticeable increases in bacteria take place as a result.

The discovery that decided jumps in bacterial count often take place after the milk has been bottled and while in storage awaiting delivery has led to the further study of temperature conditions in the average storage room. Two men are now engaged in this work and are making observations in a number of storage rooms, noting the differences in temperature in all parts of the room. Daily variations as great as 34 degrees Fahrenheit have been noted.

It is expected that the complete study will reveal the specific operations that need to be watched with particular care to keep the bacterial count of the bottled milk at a minimum. Such a guide as to possible sources of trouble should be of considerable value to the milk plant operator who is not in a position to employ a specialist.

Buckwheat and Products Make Good Dairy Feeds

Ground buckwheat and other buckwheat products are valuable feed for cattle, for they may be used as a partial substitute for, or as a supplement to wheat bran and gluten feeds, according to the department of animal husbandry at the New York State College of Agriculture at Ithaca, N. Y. The total digestible nutrients in ground buckwheat are worth about the same as those in oats or wheat bran, providing the buckwheat is properly mixed with other feeds. A suitable, medium-protein mixture, containing ground buckwheat, may be made of 300 pounds of ground oats or barley, 200 pounds of ground buckwheat, 200 pounds of cotton-seed meal, and 100 pounds of oil meal.

Buckwheat middlings contain 1,532 pounds of total digestible nutrients in a ton and more than 24 per cent of digestible protein. This refers only to the middlings from which the hulls have been removed, and, in this form, some dairymen consider them equal to or better than gluten feed for milk production. A mixture containing buckwheat middlings may be made of 200 pounds of bran or oats, 300 pounds buckwheat middlings, and 100 pounds cottonseed meal.

When comparing the prices of buckwheat feeds with other standard feeds, ground buckwheat may be compared to wheat bran and buckwheat middlings to gluten feed.

Milking Cows Require Some Grain on Pasture

Under average New Jersey conditions, pasture alone is not adequate for cows in milk. Experience has shown that they need a grain mixture containing 12 to 16 per cent protein, says Carl E. Bender, assistant dairy husbandman at the experiment station, New Brunswick.

Many of the more successful dairymen follow the practice of feeding sufficient grain to keep the animals from losing flesh because of production stimulated by the pasture grasses. Care is taken not to turn the cows out until the grass is five inches high, and for the first few days they are left out only an hour or two. This is to avoid grassy and garlicky flavors in the milk and to avoid intestinal disorders.

As a means of prolonging the life of pastures the experiment station suggests dividing the area into four or five lots and moving the cows from one to another every five or ten days. In this way the animals are assured of a good supply of fresh grass throughout the season.

Even where pasture grass is ample and fresh, a good supply of clean, fresh water has been found highly desirable.

China Buys Dairy Cows

Apparently the revolutions in China are not expected to upset the demand for dairy products. A Vancouver firm, acting for a large dairy concern at Shanghai, reports that within the next two years the Shanghai dairy will add 500 head to its herd of 300 and British Columbia as well as Western Canada breeders will be called on to supply the new stock.

Orders have been received for 80 pure-bred Jerseys and 10 Holstein cows, to be shipped at an early date.

We Offer Best Wishes and Good Will
to All for The Coming Year.

Owing to the rush of business and many other things requiring our attention last week we were prevented from expressing to our friends and the public generally, the usual compliments of the season. Although unexpressed, we wish to assure you that our hearts were with you, full of gratitude for past favors, and best wishes for your happiness and prosperity now and henceforth.

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